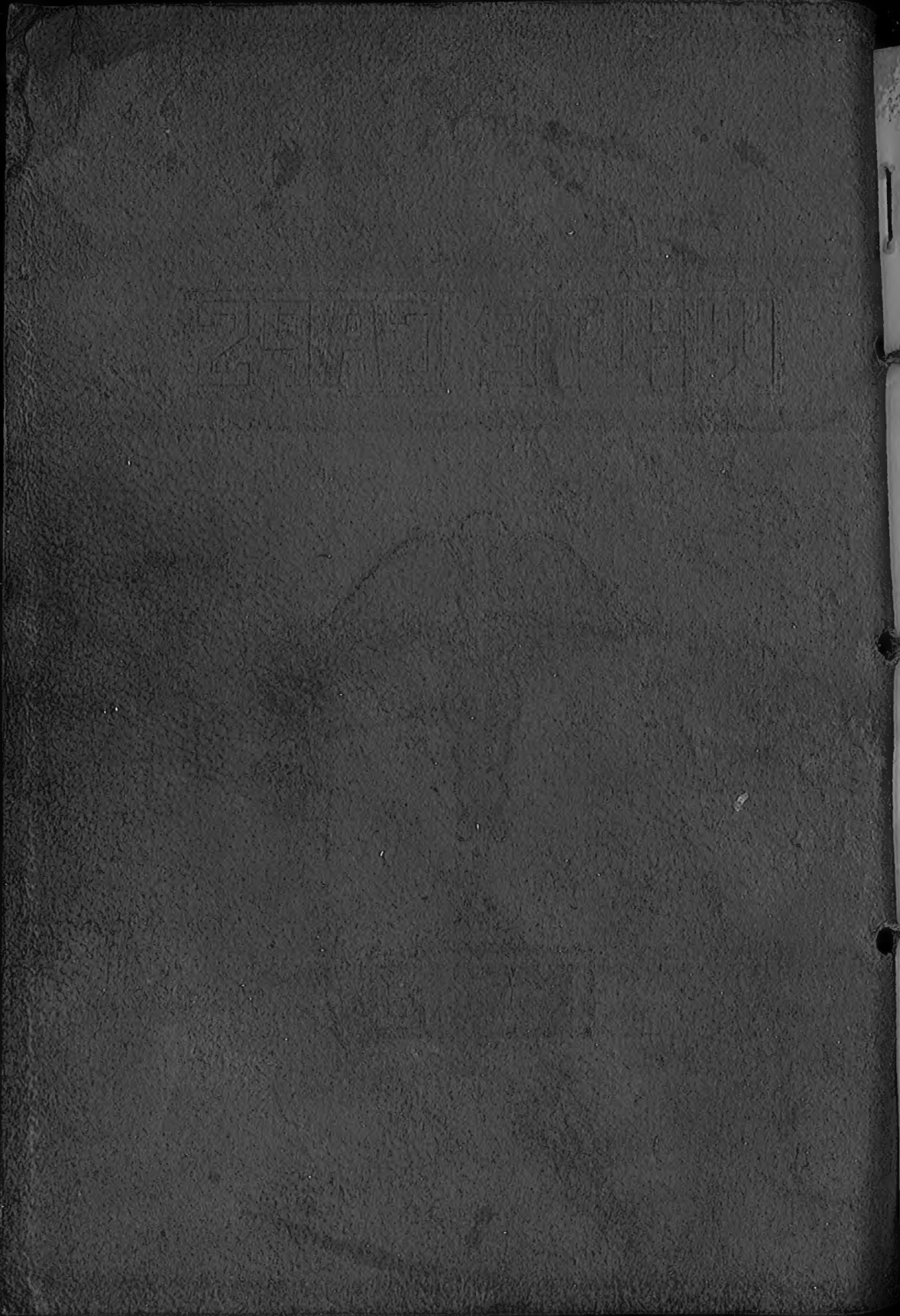


72
WHITE PAPER



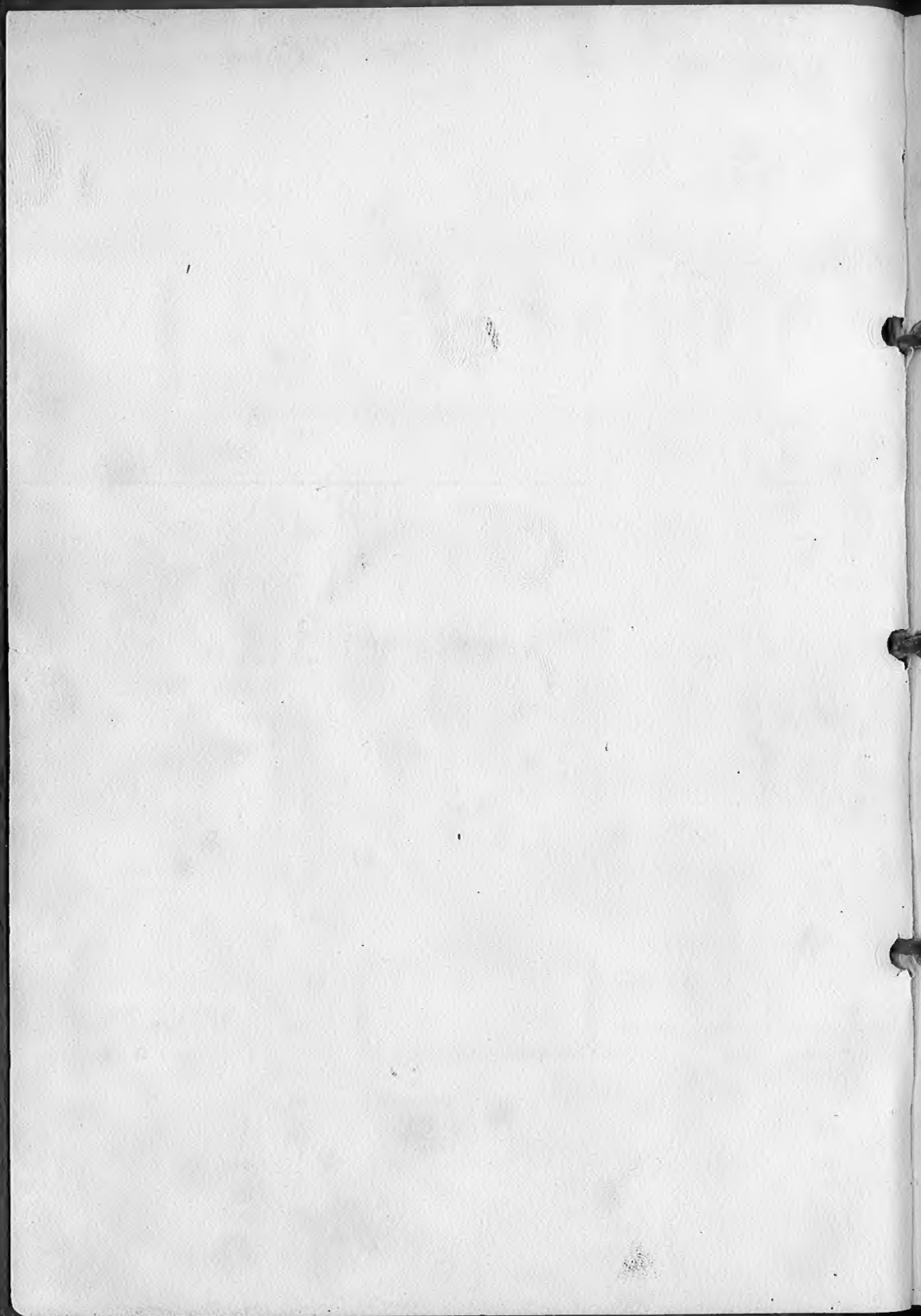
1931



Dr. W. W. W.

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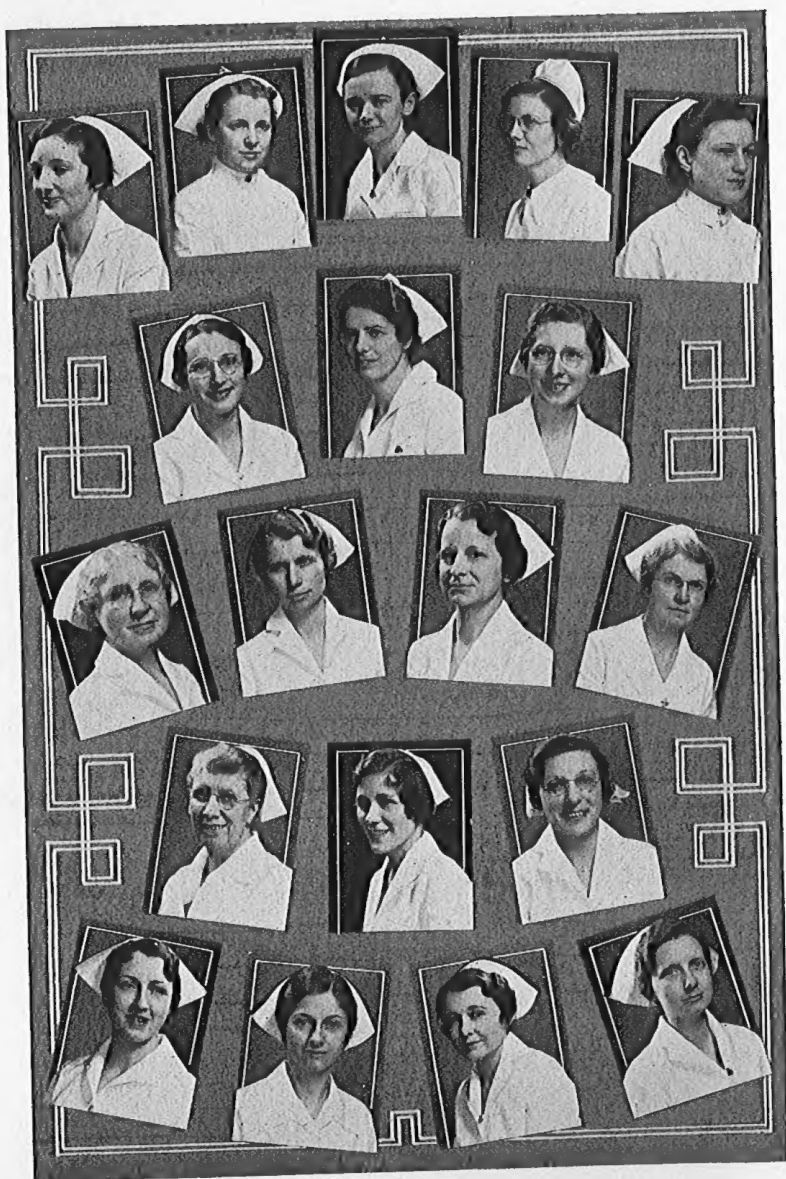


DR. JAMES T. HARRINGTON



We, the class of 1936, dedicate this yearbook
to our friend, noble in character, high in
ideals, and ready in heart and hand
to serve all those about him





CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	MARGARET COYLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	HELEN KRIEGER
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	HELEN RIDGEWAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	RUTH TOMPKINS

CLASS MOTTO

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

CLASS COLORS

Red and White

CLASS FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

WHITE CAP STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, HELEN KRIEGER, '36

Business Manager - - - HAZEL LOUISE PARMELE, '36

Literary Editor - - - MURIEL JEANNETTE HOUSMAN, '36

Grinds Editor - - - PATRICIA LOUISE TRAVER, '36

Photographic Editor - - - JULIA ESTHER FITZGIBBONS, '36

CLASS SONGS

To the tune: "Shipmates Forever"

Training days completed,
We're about to leave,
We're no longer needed,
We've reached our goal with many thanks to you—
We've ruled, we've found our aim
Success is yours to claim.
We've been so happy and go-lucky
Always trying to be plucky,
We leave to make a name.

To the tune: "The Music Goes Round and Round"

Once more it's dawn;—
The alarm clocks ring and they ring.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
And we stretch and yawn.—
The early girl gets up.
She staggers from door to door.
And she calls one by one,
It's no time to stall.
We all crawl out of bed,
And not one word is said,
As we dress and grab our capes
Off once more we go
Late again you might know.
We grab our cups of coffee.
At seven to the "el" we dash.
Scurrying to floors where duty once more calls.



ETHEL LE FEVRE

IN MEMORIAM

We, the class of 1936, duly dedicate this space in loving memory of our friend and classmate, ETHEL LEFEVRE, who died April 12, 1935.

"There is a link that death cannot sever
Love and remembrance last forever."

The End of a Nurse's Day

Seven o'clock! And the nurses' work
Was done for another day.
She heaved a sort of a tired sigh
And put the charts away.
Then sat for a moment and bowed her head
Over the little white desk.
"I wonder," said she to herself, "After all,
Am I really doing my best?"
Perhaps I could have begun the day
With a brighter and cheerier smile
And answered the bells with a "right away"
Instead of an "after a while."
And I might have listened with sweeter grace,
To the story of six's woes
She may be suffering more perhaps
More than anyone knows.
And I might have refrained from that half way frown
Although I was busy then
When that frail little body, with sad, blue eyes,
Kept ringing again and again.
And I might have spoke a kindlier word
To the heart of that restless boy,
And stopped a moment to help him find
The part of his missing toy.
Or perhaps the patient in eighteen A
Just needed a gentler touch!
There are lots of things I might have done
And it wouldn't have taken much.
She sighed again—and brushed a tear
Then whispered—praying low,
"Oh God, how can you accept this day
When it has been lacking so?"
And God looked down—He heard the sigh,
And saw the shining tear;
Then sent His Angel Messenger,
To whisper in her ear.—!
Perhaps you could have done better today
But as the Omnipotent One,
Seeing your faults, doesn't forget
The beautiful things you've done.
He knows, little nurse, you love your work
In this big house of sorrow,
So gladly forgives—the lack of today
For you will do better tomorrow.
And the nurse looked up with the tenderest smile
"Tomorrow I'll make it right,"
Then added a note in the Order book,
"Be good to them tonight."



EDNA LOUISE AGERSBORG

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Ed

Recognized by: "So what?"

Common sense is good to have
But never let it master you
For then it might deprive you of
The foolish things it's fun to do.

MOROSINI ELNA BUCHANAN

Patterson, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Ellie

Recognized by:

"My nose drives me crazy"

I can always make excuses
When I'm disinclined to work,
But when I'm in charge of someone,
How I hate to see them shirk.

FLORENCE PRUDEN BUCHANAN

Patterson, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Flo

Recognized by: "Hi ya Toots!"

I love to tell my secrets,
I do it all unbidden.
My hidden life's so thrilling
I cannot keep it hidden.

BERTHA EVONNE CLAIRE

Alfred, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Bert

Recognized by: "Oh, ya know what?"

Though the world is at times a trou-
blous place,

And often my life seems dull and
drear

When I think I could leave if I wanted
to,

I always begin to like it here.

JOSEPHINE EASTON CORWIN

Otisville, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Jo

Recognized by: "What's it to you?"

I swear that I'll relax today,
My nerves are simply overtaxed—
Right now I'm all worked up and
tense,

I'm trying so to be relaxed.

MARGARET COYLE

Beacon, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Coyle

Recognized by: "Would you do
that if you didn't want to?"

If you feel you need a change
I know a simple thing to do—
Shut your eyes, then open them,
And take a different point of view.





JULIA ESTHER FITZGIBBONS

Beacon, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Fitz

Recognized by: "Tell us the rest!!"

I fuss and chatter thru the day,
I sew, I read a silly book,
The cat who lies and thinks for hours
Just gave me one long weary look.

FRANCES AMELIA GLANCEY

Milton, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Fran

Recognized by: "Honest I did."

I've had some awful illnesses,
And accidents that stretched me flat,
But anyway I'm still alive—
And lots of people can't say that!

MARGUERITE CAROLINE GREENING

Middletown, N. Y.

Commonly known as: Peg

Recognized by:

"Call in when you go by!"

To keep up a quarrel
Is simply absurd,
For nobody ever
Has said the last word.



Probies

LIKE the proverbial cat, our class has nine lives—one for each of us. Our class has chosen to make those nine lives happy ones, and perhaps, that is why we came to Vassar Hospital, to be nurses, provided we prove to be of the right calibre.

There is little history to tell about our class for we have been here only a very short time, but we feel we have learned much since that momentous February fourth when we embarked upon our newly-chosen careers at Vassar Hospital. We were shown about by Miss Lindbergh and experienced many a thrill at being behind the scenes in a great institution.

We were duly introduced to Judy Vassar and now feel fully acquainted with her, although she still seems rather aloof to our advances. We've been down "Bed Pan Alley," and we feel sure we can clean lavatories, make mitered corners and clean ice-boxes, but about Hypodermics we're not so sure.

That is enough about us now, but we hope to let you hear from us in the future when those of us who are fortunate have learned to balance little white caps on our heads.

Judy Vassar Held For Ransom

"We demand \$50,000 before 12 M. Thursday, April 23 for the safe retrun of Judy Vassar. Do not notify the police or harm will come to Judy."

Above note found in Judy's empty bed. Misspelled words and finger prints will probably lead to a speedy identification of the kidnapers.

Class History

THE genesis of Classes in previous years have been compared to everything from a cradle to a street car. We must be original so I am going to compare our progress to an almost dreaded airplane ride.

As Probationers we left the dry land to take our places in an airplane to enter into things entirely different from those we had been doing routinely during our lives. Many times we looked out, seeing nothing but clouds and peaks of mountains. Many times we faltered, felt exhausted, ready to sink into oblivion but steadfastly we pushed on. After three years of hard work and worry we find that we have landed and reached the destination we have so anxiously awaited. But as we look around we find that there are many more miles to be covered before we can say that we have reached success.

But back to reality. Remember the request made by upper classmen to help decorate for a Hallowe'en Party—just to be escorted through that chamber of horror—"the tunnel."

The night of December 24th found a conglomeration of well-known characters who had gathered in the assembly hall in Home I to display their talents. Among the guests present were Santa Claus, Father Time, Sadie Thompson and last but not least Mae West. Did we eat? The delicious food so appetizingly displayed made those who so faithfully dieted break down and indulgently consume some of the dainties.

Caps and Bibs! Not only did the day that we received our caps and bibs mean that we were taking responsibilities upon our shoulders but a crisis had been reached in our lives. We were overwhelmed with joy at the thought of being able to be called a capped nurse and not a probationer any longer.

Then we moved to the corridor. Everything from suit cases to laundry bags were used to move our belongings. We often heard a familiar voice command us to be less boisterous because we occupied rooms in the hospital.

Our first dance in Home II, after it was renovated especially for us, certainly proved to be an incentive for more dances and other money making schemes. We had as an entertainment several Swedish Dances, tap dancing, fortune telling and a prize waltz. It was indeed a "swanky" affair.

We certainly were taken for a ride on our long awaited sleigh riding party. Those hills we walked up will never be forgotten. A cafeteria lunch was served to us by our chaperons, Miss Lindberg and Miss Knapp, in front of the fireplace in Home II. Those long hills gave us an appetite, for our stomachs were actually growling with hunger.

The day finally arrived when our class had to be separated.

Why, you might ask? Well, New York, an experience that will never be forgotten. We enjoyed our work at Babies but everyone was happy when three months were ended and they again were back home.

We need not ask whether or not those in attendance at our informal dance at Rutherford's had an enjoyable time, for everyone seemed disappointed when the clock struck one and the parting hour had arrived.

Dancing again. This time with another extended late leave and the excellent Wayne-Dunbar Orchestra playing at the Country Club, the evening came to a close altogether too quickly. It certainly was a successful evening.

After two years of hard struggle we found ourselves highly respected Seniors. Those long awaited blue bands finally arrived and we again took another step toward graduation.

And now for a little about our Christmas dance which was also held at the Country Club. Wayne-Dunbar again was in attendance with their incomparable music.

Remember Judy Vassar? How could we possibly forget that charming doll dressed up as a Senior nurse and raffled off on January 15, 1936. Our treasury certainly expanded with the profits received from this new enterprise.

Our treasury steadily grew from profits received by selling sandwiches. We appreciated the helpful dimes received from all those who bought sandwiches every Monday night for weeks.

Then our lives were brightened by the greatest social event of the season. The St. Patrick's Day Formal. It was a great success and the class rose in the eyes of all students.

And in saying au revoir to you all once again the class wishes to extend its extreme appreciation to Miss McCrimmon, Miss Sweet our class advisor, other members of the Training School Office, to the student body and alumnae for their cooperation in our various activities.

"Old Faithful"

I WOKE to look upon a face
Silent, white and cold,
Oh, friend, the agony I felt
Can never half be told,
We'd lived together three whole years,
Too soon, it seemed to see
Those gentle hands outstretched and still,
That toiled so hard for me.
My waking thoughts had been of one
Who now to sleep had dropped;
'Twas hard to realize, O friend,
My Ingersoll had stopped. —Copied

Last Will and Testament

WE, THE distinguished members of the Senior Class of Vassar Brothers Hospital, on this important day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-six, do solemnly declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

We bequeath the following:

- To the "T. S. O."—The difficult task of finding students capable enough to fill our places.
- To the "Probies"—The motto, "Be not simply good; be good for something."
- To Louise Jay—Margaret Coyle's carefree attitude.
- To Esther Staples and Ann Hansen—"Peg" Greening's and Alice Hummel's everlasting friendship.
- To Amy Dougherty—Jeanie Housman's gargles to keep her voice in better condition for singing.
- To Helen Catlin—Dot Hoch's pep, vim and vigor.
- To "Marge" Chatterton—Elna Buchanan's genuine enthusiasm for nursing.
- To Mildred Irvin—"Skippys'" happy mood and congenial disposition.
- To Louise Beck—"Joe" Corwin's individuality.
- To Ruth Griffiths—"Pat" Traver's book entitled, "A Thousand Ways to Get Thin."
- To Muriel Casey—"Smitty" leaves her sarcasm.
- To All Underclassmen—Annie Swanson leaves her book of "Professional Etiquette" with lessons for all those who need them.
- To Marjorie Leggett—Ethel Loweth leaves her conscientiousness.
- To Doris Davis—Hazel Parmele's executive ability.
- To Beatrice Liner—Ruth Tompkins leaves the Infirmary.
- To "Dot" Kerley—"Sis" Guilmet wills her short stature.
- To Marion Sibley—Bertha Claire leaves her personal neatness.
- To Antoinette Palmietto—"Flo" Buchanan leaves her mystic shoe horn to horn in on other girls' boy friends.
- To Ann Brundage—Marjorie Tompkins leaves her coiffeur.
- To Rita Small—Helen Krieger leaves her book entitled "Instructions in the Modern Dance."
- To Edith Cooper—Esther Fitzgibbons leaves her "Book of Style Craft."
- To Minerva Grover—Helen Ridgeway leaves her dignity and permission to use it.
- To Vassar Brothers Hospital Library—"Fran" Glancey leaves her book "Bright Classroom Sayings."
- To Mary Batten—Edna Agersborg leaves her feminine ways.

To Hortense Marchessault—We leave a step ladder to aid her in descending from her high horse.
To Dr. Rutkowski—A chisel to help him out in his favorite pastime.
To Dr. Aud—A new comb and a mirror.
To Mrs. Hoover—A box of Good Humors.
To Miss Walker and Dr. Aud—A map on which are marked "Secluded Spots."
To Irene Maasberg—A muffler to silence her.
To Miss McFarland—A nurse as good as those at Johns Hopkins.
To Virginia Bolam—A carrot—one doesn't get any nourishment out of chewing the rag.
To Margaret Pitcher—A box of sugar to sweeten her outlook on life.
To the Juniors—A pin to help them "get the point" in dental class.
To Myra McKeel—An onion to make her cry and give us a rest from hearing that giggle.
To Miss Ferguson—An automatic device for pulling up mattresses and straightening sheets.
To Ann Donahue—More speed in accomplishing her work.
To Dr. Miller—A book of pronouns excluding "I, my and me."
To Miss Hughes—The secret to an Ideal Nursery.
To Judy Vassar—A fur coat so that she may go out more often and have her picture taken.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal, and in the presence of three witnesses, declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, this the 2nd day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six.

Witnesses:

"BIRD" SWEET
"MA" VALENTINE
"HODGIE"



Dr. AULD



Dr. RUTKOWSKI



Dr. YARVIN



Dr. WILCKE



"BIRD" SWEET



Dr. MILLER



DAKEY



Mr. BACON Mr. HUNT
Mr. YOUNG Mr. SHELDON



"JIMMIE"



ENTRANCE TO INTERNES' QUARTERS

Babes in Toyland

- The Rocking Horse*—Jean Housman
The Jumping Jack—Dot Hoch
The Electric Trains—Seniors
The Wooden Blocks—Intermediates
The Tin Soldiers—Juniors
The Bouncing Baby—Alice Hummel
The Mama Doll—Judy Vassar
The Doll's House—Tower Home
The Baby Doll—Baby Judy Vassar
The French Doll—"Sis" Guilmet
The Toy Horn—Elna Buchanan
Minnie Mouse—Bert Claire
Aunt Jemima—Flo Buchanan
The Clown—Pat Traver
The Music Box—Esther Fitzgibbons
Teddy Bear—Ann Swanson
Little Red Riding Hood—Marj Tompkins

Alumnae Notes

THE Nurses Alumnae Association of Vassar Brothers Hospital was organized thirty years ago, for mutual help and improvement in professional work and for promotion of good fellowship among the graduates of this school, also for the advancement of the interests of the Vassar Brothers Hospital Training School of Nursing. Membership in the Alumnae entitles one to membership in District 12 of the New York State Nurses' Association, and the American Nurses' Association.

The members of the Alumnae Association have heard very interesting talks during this year. Dr. Max Simon gave a talk on Cholethiasis, Dr. James T. Harrington discussed Veterans' legislation and the bonus measure, and Dr. Neil Stone described treatment of Pneumonia in the infant.

OFFICERS FOR 1936

President—Mrs. Earl D. Ketcham
1st Vice-President—Katheryn Walker
2nd Vice-President—Mary Denney
Secretary—Emma Ellsworth Moehrke
Treasurer—Erma Jennings

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1936

Alice M. Degenhardt Dorothy Brink
 Edith Lindberg Mrs. Laura Hoover

New members received into the Alumnae Association this year are:

Dorothy Czech	Catherine Troccia
Dorothy Dallas	Marion Gormley
Dorothy Lasher	Vera Agersborg
Marion Phelps	Frieda Krieger
Caritta Holtzman	Evelyn Lawrence
Lily Cameron	Mrs. Evelyn Kay

Emma Ellsworth Moehrke

There are two hundred and thirty members in the Association.

NURSES ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL Organized 1906

Honorary Members

MISS AMY MCCREERY, 526 Cookman Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.
 MISS MARTHA JOHNSON, 7 Roosevelt Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 MISS CLARIBEL A. WHEELER, 20 West 50th St., New York City, N. Y.

Life Members

MISS ANNE KNORR, 136 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 MISS MINNIE WEST, 482 Herkimer Street, Pasadena, California.

ALICE M. KETCHAM, *President*.

Wheel Of Fortune

(with apologies to Major Bowes)

LADIES and gentlemen, we bring to you the 1,999th program featuring Major Edward Bowes and his amateurs. Major Bowes. "Thank you."

The wheel of fortune, round she goes, where she stops nobody knows.

"First tonight we will hear from Edna Agersborg of Rhinebeck, N. Y. What is your occupation, Miss Agersborg?"

"I am a medical supervisor in Medical Center, N. Y. C., Major."

"All right, what are you going to do?"

"I will play 'The End of a Perfect Day' on a comb."

"Next this evening we will have two young ladies from Patterson, N. Y. 'The Buchanan Sisters.' What is your occupation and what are you going to do for us tonight?"

"We are models in Mme. Bubonnet Apparel Shoppe. We will tap dance to the tune of 'You're the Top'."

"All right, all right, all right. And now a young miss—Bertha Claire. Her application states that she lives in Alfred, N. Y., and is the director of a nursery school. Do you enjoy your work?"

"Yes I do, Major."

"All right what are you planning to do tonight?"

"I will sing 'Rythum in My Nursery Rhymes'."

"Very appropriate, I should say."

"All right, all right. Josephine Corwin—step forward please. Application states that the young lady comes from Otisville, N. Y. Tell us a little about your occupation."

"I introduce new diets to newspapers and magazines, for people with excess avoirdupois."

"All right, what is your contribution to our program?"

"'St. Louis Blues,' vocally, Major."

"Margaret Coyle from Beacon, N. Y., is our next contestant. Miss Coyle is a professional Debator. What are you going to do for us?"

"I will whistle 'A Little Bit Independent'."

We pause here for station announcement. You are listening to station VBH. Send your votes by telephone to Vassar 1234. And now, again Major Bowes.

"Julia Fitzgibbons please, Miss Fitzgibbons hails from Beacon, N. Y. She informs me that she is an artist. Just what type of art do you specialize in?"

"I paint individual persons. I hope some day to have my paintings in La Louvre."

"That's a fine ambition, Julia. What are you going to do tonight?"

"I will yodel 'She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" (two lines are finished and the gong does the rest.)

"Too bad, Miss Fitzgibbons, but you had better stick to painting."

"All right, all right. Frances Glancey who states that she comes from Milton, N. Y., and is a saleslady for 'Purels Paine Killer.' Just what is this product, Frances?"

"It is just what the title says, Major. Good for all aches and pains. Experience tells me so."

"What is your offering tonight?"

"I have originated a dance 'Milton Hop,' that I shall do."

Once more that musical instrument intervenes to sound its melodious gong!

"I'm sorry, Miss Glancey, but your hop does not register to our unseen radio audience. Better luck for your next originality."

"All right, all right. Marguerite Greening from Middletown, N. Y., who owns and manages N. Y.'s Fashionable 'Elite 5th Ave.' Dress Shoppe. What will you do tonight?"

"Although it is a bit out of my line I will give an imitation of George Jessel. I know it will be good because I've practised a whole week."

"What, three in succession. Graham will you please replace this hammer for a new one. Miss Greening, I'm sorry to have you disappointed but your week has been wasted."

"Genevieve Guilmet from Millbrook, N. Y., who states that she is a housewife and mother. Do you enjoy your work?"

"Yes, Major, but it is rather poor pay so as a side issue I have taken up tap dancing which I will demonstrate tonight to the music of 'Four foot two Eyes of Blue'."

"All right, all right. Dorothy Hoch from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who will give an imitation of Zasu Pitts. (Miss Hoch whispers that she is very nervous so we will refrain from asking her any unnecessary questions.) Go ahead Miss Hoch."

"Her imitation is very characteristic, folks. Very good, Dorothy."

"Poughkeepsie again sends its regard in the person of Jeanie Housman. She tells me that she is a taster in Horn & Hardart's Cafeteria in New York. The young lady looks as though it has been her life work—Tell the audience what you will do tonight."

"I will give a series of laughs characteristic of various personalities."

"All right, all right, Alice Hummel from Wappingers Falls, N. Y., application states that she is unemployed at the present and spends her spare time making up for lost sleep on night duty at Vassar Hospital. She is going to introduce to us our friend 'Popeye the Sailor Man'."

"Hazel Kipp known better as 'Skippy.' She comes from Tan-
nersville, N. Y. What is your occupation, Skippy?"

"I am a nurse in an orphan asylum with the special assignment
to inspire cheer to the children. I like the work very much, Major."

"It must be intriguing, Miss Kipp. And now for your amateur
offering."

"I will give a short monologue with the title, 'Thru the office,
unseen'."

"All right, all right. From Middletown we have Helen Krieger
who states that she is a dancing instructor. She proceeds to the piano
and plays 'Bye Bye Blues.' She evidently has no mercy for those
black and white keys."

"And now a word from Graham McNamee."

"Radio audience, may I tell you that you are listening to station
VBH broadcasting Major Bowes Nurses Hour. Don't forget that
these programs are brought to you sponsored by Race & Sunburn's
Coffee the greatest selling coffee in the world, the one coffee that's
easy on your nerves. Send your calls to Vassar 1234. Thank you—"

"All right. Three young ladies are coming toward the micro-
phone. Who is spokesman, please."

"I am Ethel Loweth from Rhinebeck, N. Y., and I am a knit-
ting instructor in Macy's. This is Ruth Tompkins from Beacon,
N. Y. She sells white shoe cleaner in Macy's. This is Marjorie
Tompkins from Wappingers Falls, who sells hair restorer to the
demanding public."

"That's very interesting. What are you going to do?"

"With Marjorie at the piano the trio sing 'Love and a Dime'."

"Arlington, N. Y., has sent us a young lady, Hazel Parmele.
You did not state your occupation Miss Parmele."

"I pose for magazine covers, Major."

"My, my, that's a fine position. What are you going to do to-
night?"

"I also play a piccolo very well. I'm sure the audience will
like it. My selection is 'You're Blasé'."

"Personally, we can't imagine Pete playing a piccolo, but who
knows what 50 years may bring?"

"Helen Ridgeway from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Just one mo-
ment please and I'll get a stool for you to stand on or can you reach
the microphone? Your occupation states that you are a W. C.
T. U. worker."

"Yes, Major, and as a part of my work I would like to give a
short talk to the radio audience on 'The Way of the World Through
Quietness'."

"Miss Ann Smith from Newburgh, N. Y., who states that she is
a nurse in a doctor's office—a certain doctor's office. Probably an

old friend of the family's—She is going to tell us 'Six Points to Remember While Horseback Riding.'

"All right, all right. Anna Swanson also from Poughkeepsie. Miss Swanson states that she was born in Sweden. What kind of work do you do?"

"I am a masseuse in Philadelphia, Major."

"Miss Swanson will tell for our entertainment 'An Old Swedish Legend'."

"As our time draws to a close we will hear from our last amateur, Patricia Traver from Rhinebeck, N. Y., who states that she is an understudy to Joe Penner."

"Oh, but Major, I've given up that position. I've gone in for bigger and better things."

"What do you do now?"

"I'm not employed at present but my ambitions are high."

"All right, what will you do tonight?"

"I will sing 'Ah Sweet Mystery of Life'—Two words are sung when the hands of the clock strike nine and the hands of the judge strikes gong!"

"The curtain falls on another of the interesting programs featuring Major Bowes and his Amateurs. Telephone operators will be on duty to receive votes one-half hour following the program. Winning contestants will be notified and positions given as rewards."

"Next Sunday night we will be with you again—Until then goodnight everybody!"

Remember When

FLO BUCHANAN used to call "F-lo-o-o." Then say—"sorry she isn't here?"

Greening and Traver sat on curbstones?

Hoch saw a rat (?) on Ward V one night?

Smith and Kipp didn't use late leave for a couple of months?

Marge Tompkins didn't expect the army?

Our famous club was started?

Ellie Buchanan left the party immediately after refreshments were served and eaten?

Parmele's hair net supplied 4 people?

Miss Reuman taught Coyle to boil H₂O.

Claire's room was the scene of a party one Saturday night?

Fitzgibbons arrived in New York and her trunk keys were back at Vassar?

Hummel tore down the sign—Use only in case of fire?

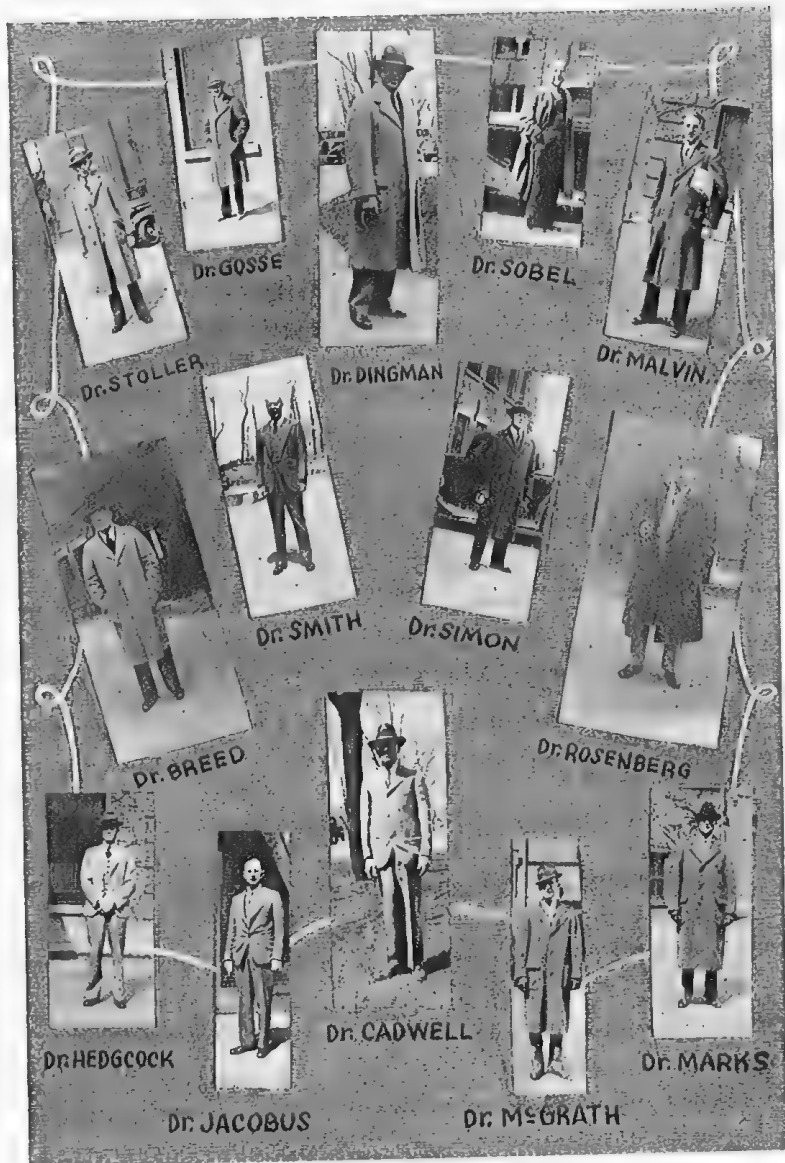
The ironing board was burned on Corridor I?

Glancey had a G. I. upset?

We sang "Popeye" accompanied by Coyle's whistle?

We had our Christmas party?

Krieger had dancing classes?
Fitzgibbons appeared in bangs?
Loweth said: "I'm the dummy"?
Smith was presented to us in a laundry hamper in Home I?
We were initiated in the mysteries of the tunnel?
Parmele had to clean chocolate milk off the ceiling in the O. R.?
Glancey gave her version of the correct greeting to cheer a patient?
Coyle informed us that the patient's temp. went down by clysis?
Too many blankets, coats, etc., could not be obtained during the
cold spell in Home II?
Coyle went to Ward II for a certain kind of packing?
Krieger and Glancey went on duty at 6 a. m. in "Babies"?
Grilled cheese sandwiches were made in frying pans?
Miss McFarland fell asleep in class?
Traver fell in a laundry hamper in an attempt to act dignified and
professional while talking with Dr. Andrews?
Fitzgibbons got her splinters?
Hummel said, "Please don't leave us Miss Lindberg, we've never
been away from home before"?
Flo Buchanan diagnosed the patients when asking for orders one
night?
Glancey said, "Will you tell Miss McCrimmon I'm here"?
Dressers came in handy for soaking feet after the Thanksgiving
Dance in Home II?
Smith tried to get out of "Babies" at 11 p. m.?
Miss MacKenna found Agersborg making fudge on 9th floor of
"Babies"?
We had music at 5:45 a. m.?
Miss Reuman made breakfast for Traver and she had to eat it in
chef's dining room?
Fitzgibbons and Krieger had to scrub their window sills?
We played baseball with eggs?
Ellie Buchanan didn't have sniffles?
The stray cat had a banquet in the kitchenette at midnight?
Corwin didn't keep anyone waiting?
We had spaghetti on night duty?
Claire gave a beef peptonoid inhalation?
Traver wore an ether cap and chased a bat with a tennis racquet on
night duty?
Fitzgibbons and Hummel had a forced cold bath one winter night?
Shadow dances occurred regularly in the basement of Home I?
Several of our classmates took unexpected showers on 3rd and 4th
Corridors?
Ridgeway asked Miss Lindberg if she would like to come in before
the door was locked at 10:15 p. m.?
The daily order of 1 "urnge" juice and cup of coffee came from
Corridor III?



Love Under Pressure

(Characters: *Mary*—Tower Home and *Power*—Power House)

YOU have all heard of the drama within the walls of the hospital. A patient, with a broken body being wheeled out of the operating room with a chance to continue the life that a few hours before was almost snuffed out. The delivery room, where a baby's wail changes hours of anxious waiting into years of hope and planning for the new life that has been born.

Now step outside the hospital and stroll around the grounds with me. Stop here and let me tell you of the tragedy that will live long in your memory. This is Power House. You may have considered it just a structure of stone but within smolders a heart full of longing and hope. Power has been at Vassar many years. You perhaps are seldom conscious of his presence except that he summons you to supper. I felt that way about him too, but hearing his mournful wail day after day, I decided I should find out why his voice should be so bitter—because after all the voice is the outlet of the heart, and his voice has steadily become more cynical.

At first I had a hard time trying to get him to talk. I was met with a stony indifference. Casting my eyes about hopelessly I saw a heap of coal which reminded me of a visiting fireman for whom I had fallen head over heels only to find there was no net to catch me, and on the Fire Department Calendar I was chalked up as false alarm 2030. I will never know whether it was the mention of fire or whether "Power" realized that I had suffered even as he, but anyway he—well, he didn't crumble but he softened enough to pour out this pitiful story from his fiery soul.

"I have worked at Vassar for a great many years. I have worked hard and have tried to please my chief. One day he came to me and told me a Mary Tower was coming to Vassar and e'en tho he thought I would have to work harder he was sure I would do it. "Mary" Tower—how I watched her grow and cared for her. I worked frantically to keep her comfortable all winter. She was so refined and dignified. They dolled her all up with expensive things but she retained her simplicity and charm. I admired her silently at first, hoping some day she would look my way and give me some encouragement. She gave her whole life to her work it seemed. The nurses who lived with her all seemed so happy. She provided that homey touch that girls miss when they leave their families. But was she happy? Would she not like companionship? One night I decided to find out. I whistled to her. At first she looked arrogant and displeased. Evidently one does not make advances to colonial New England maids. I hastened to explain my brazenness. After all I could not leave my work to call on her. 'Miss Tower—Mary—I stammered, I have been admiring you for over a year now.'

Perhaps it was a hasty beginning but I am a hot-headed fiery person. She gave me a look that was half pity, half amusement. 'Honestly, Power, are you crazy with the heat?' Oh dear, such an expression from a lady, but I supposed she picked it up from those horrid nurses.

'No, my dear, have I not warmed the very chambers of your soul?'

'Yes,' she said flippantly, 'you have kept me in plenty of hot water too.'

'But don't you know we often hurt those we love the most? I swear Mary, you must be empty in your upper story not to know I love you.'

'Power,' says she, 'you could fire away all night and I would not change. My temperature might rise but my pulse would not pound. Power, I would not want to put a damper on your spirits or grate on your nerves but there is another.' This shook me down plenty. I lost my temper. I fumed and sputtered. My pressure rose till I thought my pipes would burst. 'Who?' I shrieked. 'Cool off, Power, don't let off steam—don't blaze away at me—it's Count De Laval-Lov-al—He loves all of me.'

'Mary! anyone but De Laval. He's a phoney. Who ever heard of a count living across the railroad tracks. He is an imposter. He's known all over America. He separates the cream from the milk that feeds the innocent babies. Mark my words he'll separate you from your money. Ah, Mary, after all I hoped for. I thought some day we might have a little one—an addition—think how that would please Mr. Weber and Miss McCrimmon. But that's all changed now.'

'Stop,' she wailed, 'stop heaping coals of fire on my head. You've had a pipe dream, my boy. I am determined to live my life. Who are you to try to rock the foundation of it.'

With this she slammed the door and did not hear my parting word 'Good-bye then Mary, my dear, but remember that as long as there's a spark of life in me I shall love you and when I die may my ashes be strewn in the paths of others that they may not slip and crash down to earth as I have'."

I turned away to re-tenter the drama of the hospital knowing that Power's mournful wail was not merely a call to supper but a call to Mary proving to her the unextinguishable fire of his love.

By LADY ELLA CINDER ASHLY.

By students arising at 6:45 a. m.:

Some people wash their faces
Each morning in the sink—
I use a drinking fountain,
And do it while I drink—

The Love Song of a Germ

Come, Bacillus, let us wander
Wander ever hand in hand,
Down that capillary, yonder—
Down, that yonder shady gland.
Countless consions will not miss you,
Happy is their own disease,
Tripping through the tender tissues
We will work what ills we please.

Myriad microbe relations
Have no claim upon you, dear;
Leave them to their occupation,
You deserve your own career.
Does the wanderlust possess you?
I'll indulge in dearest germ.
We will roam to regions, bless you,
Named by no researchers' term.

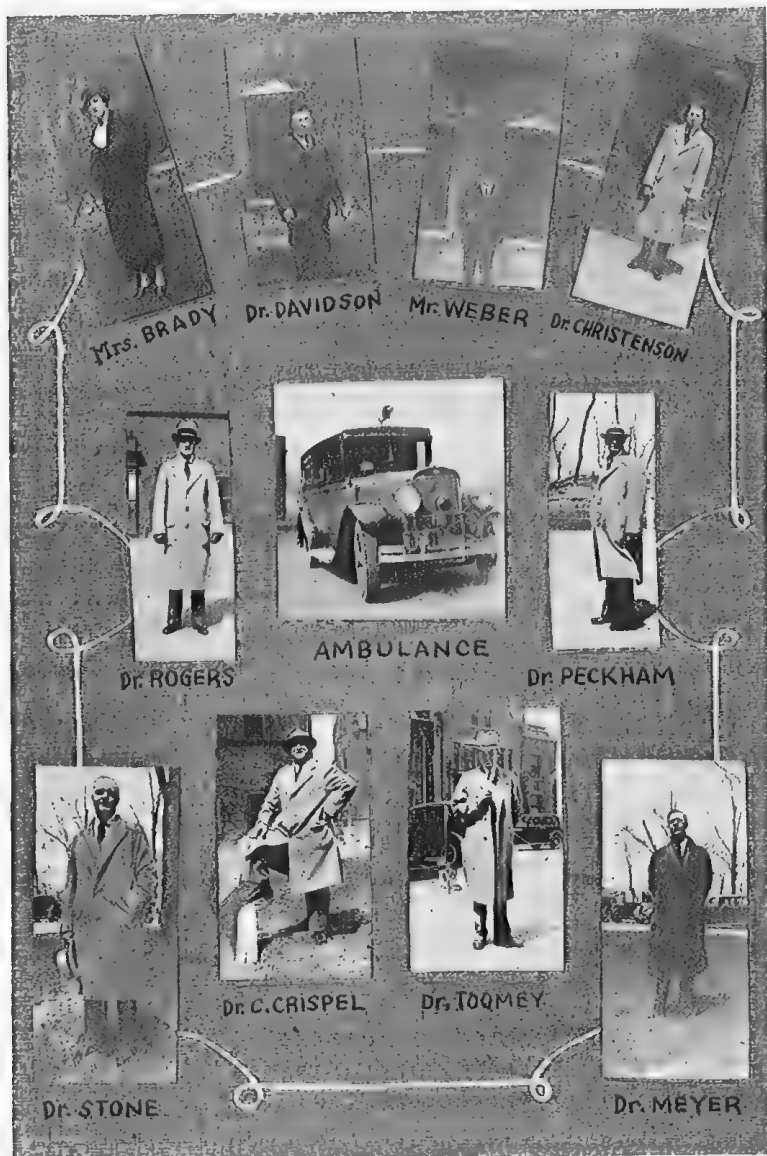
Camping in the mountain muscles,
Bathing in a quiet vein—
Dodging vicious white corpuscles,
Summering at aux-le-Brain,
Gliding in a light gondola
Upon abdominal corals,
Only gamy should control a
Pair of perfect poison pals.

Skiping past the epiglottis
By the tonsils and the tongue,
Traveling 'till the days have caught us
When we are no longer young.
When our tastes become domestic
We shall seek a quiet home,
Snug and safe from antiseptic,
There to live and not to roam.

Come bacillus, my infection
Grows too potent to suppress.
Quick! Here comes my "anti-toxin"
Fly with me and tell me "yes"!

"Why do you keep going to the doctor? He said it was no longer necessary."

"I'm reading a continued story in one of the waiting room magazines."



Mrs. BRADY

Dr. DAVIDSON

Mr. WEBER

Dr. CHRISTENSON

Dr. ROGERS

AMBULANCE

Dr. PECKHAM

Dr. STONE

Dr. C. CRISPEL

Dr. TOOMEY

Dr. MEYER

The Nurse

The world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron and cap and sings;
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking temperatures and giving pills,
Humoring mankind's numberless ills,
Feeding the baby, answering bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile,
Blessing the new born baby's first breath;
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame of the doctor's mistakes,
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes,
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop.

But called on special at seven-fifteen,
Woe in her heart, but it must not be seen,
Morning, noon, evening and night,
Just doing it over and hoping its right.

And when we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh Lord! will you give us one little star?
To wear with uniform new,
In that city above, where the head nurse is you.

Friend (visiting a hospital patient): "Do you know, old man,
that's a swell-looking nurse you've got?"

Patient: "Hadn't noticed."

Friend: "Good Lord! I had no idea you were so sick!"

He had choked her—

She was dead—there could be no doubt about that. He had
listened to her dying gasp.

Now she was cold—cold as the hand of death.

Yet in his anger he was not convinced.

Furiously he kicked her. To his amazement she gasped, sput-
tered and began to hum softly.

"Just a little patience is all it takes, John," remarked his wife
from the rear seat.

"The jig is up," said the doctor as his St. Vitus patient died.

The Magazine Rack

Judge—Miss McCrimmon
Literary Digest—Esther Fitzgibbons
College Humor—Pat Traver
Photoplay—Joe Corwin
Ladies' Home Journal—Ruth Tompkins
Woman's Home Companion—Marj. Tompkins
Life—Hazel Kipp
Vogue—Ann Smith
Review of Reviews—Before Graduation
World's Work—Edna Agersborg
Scientific American—V. B. H. Laboratory
American Nut Journal—Home II
Arbitrator—Bert Claire
Hunting and Fishing—Flo Buchanan
Bees and Honey—"Sis" and Freddy
Good Housekeeping—Ann Swanson
The Outlook—Graduation
Smart Set—The Seniors
True Romance—Dottie and Earl
Saturday Evening Post—Reception Room, Tower Home
Scholastic—Pete Parmele
House Beautiful—Tower Home
American Girl—Helen Krieger
Outdoor Life—Ethel Loweth
The Commuter—Marg. Coyle
Home Life—"Al" Hummel
Country Life—Fran Glancey
The Open Forum—Stella
Needle Work—Peg Greening
Fortune—First Pay Check After Graduation
True Story—Efficiency Records
Child Life—Miss McFarland.
Hooey—Dr. Rutkowski
Pathfinder—Bill Davis
Radio News—Hannah Quinn (announcing)
Century—Counting the days between late leaves
Christian Advocate—Helen Catlin
Boy Scouts of America—Dr. Wilcke
Liberty—Over night leaves
Questionnaire—Miss Sweet

Miss Sweet: "What are bacteria?"

Probationer: "The rear of a cafeteria."

Grinds

Hospital doctor: "How did you get here?"

Patient: "Flu."

• • •

Irate patient: "Hey, this soup isn't fit for a pig."

Nurse: "I'll take it away and bring you some that is."

• • •

"Did you hear the story of the three aspirin tablets?"

"Huh?"

"Did you hear the——"

"No."

"Maybe I should have said the three Bayers."

• • •

"Tell me, papa," asked Alida, "what is a consulting physician?"

"He is a doctor who is called in at the last minute to share the blame."

• • •

Miss Sweet: "How may we avoid getting germs?"

Catlin: "Stand alone in a crowd."

• • •

Miss McCrimmon (during interview with prospective student):
"What are your parents' names?"

P. S.: "Mama and Papa."

• • •

One day Dr. Miller, coming upon Mike, the carpenter, who was busily at work, said: "Mike, paint and putty certainly cover up your mistakes."

The witty Irishman replied: "Shure and boxes and soil cover up plenty of yours!"

• • •

Distracted wife: "Is there no hope for my husband?"

Dr. Wilcke: "I don't know what you're hoping for."

• • •

He couldn't have a minor operation, he was over 21.

• • •

Casey: "Peanuts are fattening."

Miss Reuman: "Why?"

Casey: "Look at the elephant!"

Producer: "Have you had any stage experience?"

Prospective star: "I had my leg in a cast once."

• • •

Miss Donahue: "I couldn't come to class because I had a pain in my foot."

Miss Lindberg: "I see—a lame excuse."

• • •

Colored Patient (in A. R.): "Doc, I've just been bit by a dawg."

Doctor Aud: "Well, well, was he a rabid dog?"

Darkey: "Nassah, Doc, just a plain old bird dawg."

• • •

I thought I had broken my nose but it's still running.

• • •

Doctor Rutkowski (shifting stethoscope on patient's chest):
"A-ah!"

"Patient: "What's the matter, don't you like the program!"

• • •

Doctor Miller arriving on scene in ambulance:

"How did you break your leg?"

Patient: "I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

• • •

Kind Lady: "Little boy, why are you crying?"

Little Boy: "I've just had the measles and had to cut out school for a month."

Kind Lady: "Well, never mind—you can't get them again."

Little Boy: "That's why I'm crying."

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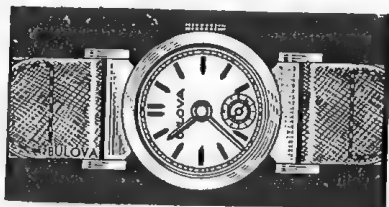
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